

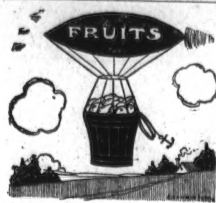
COLEMAN MINER

Volume 2, No. 26

Coleman, Alberta, Friday, July 2, 1909

\$2 00 Yearly

The Palm



The Palm is the place to get all kinds of fresh Fruit and Vegetables.

We serve Strawberries and Cream, Ice Cream Sodas and all kinds of Soft Drinks.

Ice Cream, Wholesale and Retail

W. L. Bridgeford

THE Pastime Pool Room

Is the place to spend your leisure hours. All admit that more pleasure is derived from a game of Pool or Billiards than any other indoor amusement.

We stock the highest grades of imported Cigars and Cigarettes. Our line of Pipes, Tobaccos and smokers sundries is complete.

We solicit a share of your patronage.

Alex. Morrison & Co.

DR. JOHN WESTWOOD
Physician and Surgeon
Office: Miners' Union Hospital, 2nd Street
Hours: 9-10 a.m. 4-5 and 7-8 p.m.

Some "Ifs"

If you come our way we will send overflowing values your way. If you leave a \$8 with us it is merely exchanging the money for its equivalent in jewelry certainties. What we give you will be as sound and genuine as the money. If you are a careful spender this store will appeal to you on the score of economy. If you're anxious to secure goods which aren't subjected to the closest scrutiny this is a good place to come. It is a good place to come to for every reason that makes one store better than another. Glad to greet you at any time.

Alex. Cameron

Watchmaker, Optician
and Issuer of Marriage Licenses

T. Ede

BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC
Fairmore Alberta

E. Disney

Contractor and Builder

Brick, Lime, Hard Wall Plaster, Coast Flooring, Mouldings, Doors and Windows always on hand.

Lumber of all Kinds

Two Contracts Awarded to E. Disney--D. J. Hill Gets Plumbing

The Coleman school board and councillors met on Friday evening last for the purpose of dealing with and letting of tenders for the erection of a large addition to the school house and the erection of a fire hall and also plumbing for same.

There were only two tenders for the erection of the fire hall, these were E. Disney and T. W. Davies, two local builders; these also tendered for the building of the large addition to the school house, while there were three applicants for the plumbing, these were D. J. Hill, Coleman; Crows Nest Pass Hardware Co., Frank and K. Whimster & Co., Fernie.

The contract for the building of the school house addition and the fire hall were both awarded to E. Disney, while the plumbing was awarded to the Coleman Hardware. The figures for the fire hall were, E. Disney, \$1,984.00, and T. W. Davies, \$2,128.00. The figures which were handed in to the school board were, E. Disney, \$7,986.00, and T. W. Davies, \$8,850.00 for the building of the school house without the plumbing. Coleman Hardware, \$2,085.00; Crows Nest Pass Hardware Co., Frank, \$2,450.00, and K. Whimster & Co., Fernie, \$2,634.00 for the plumbing.

The fire hall will be fifty-six feet wide, two stories. On the ground floor will be a court room, 24x30 which will be at the front end of the building, on the first floor will be eight bedrooms for firemen. This fire hall will be fitted out with all the latest improvements and will have many expensive fire fighting apparatuses. This building will probably be completed before the end of July.

An electric fire alarm system will be installed. The present school building will undergo a decided improvement.

The present building will remain standing where it is and the addition, which will be seventy-one feet long and thirty-four feet wide--the same width as the present building--will be erected on the side facing Third street.

When completed, the school house will have a sixty-eight foot frontage on Central avenue with a tower nearly fifty feet from the ground, and seventy-one feet on Third street.

The school board have used good judgment in the preparation of the plans of the school building. One of the features worth mentioning is that of having the main entrance through the north side of the tower to prevent the high winds, blowing from other directions, from entering. Another is that of having the building built in a L shape, so that when the time comes (and let us hope that it is not far distant) for Coleman to need a high school, the want may be supplied at a very small cost. However, should Coleman start a high school as early as next fall, one of the upstairs rooms will likely be used for that purpose until the other is built.

There will be a basement the full size of the new building, which will be made into girls' and boys' lavatories, playrooms, etc. A cast iron sectional Stafford boiler which has a capacity sufficient to heat 2,000 square feet and which is manu-

BIG DOINGS AT THE NEW MINE

McGillivray Creek Coal & Coke Co. Will Erect Large Plant Near Coleman--Good Coal

On Monday evening last a MINER representative visited the McGillivray Creek Coal & Coke Company's property and was agreeably surprised with what he saw there.

This company which was organized at Spokane, in December last, with a capitalization of \$3,000,000, and owns extensive coal areas at Coleman, where coal excellent for steam and coking purposes is in enormous quantities, estimated at some sixty to seventy-five million tons above the water level. James R. Maclean, the mine foreman, kindly had us over that part of the property which is being developed and which is producing many tons of high-grade coal daily.

A track which is about four hundred feet long and which runs in a southerly direction from the mine entrance has been laid, and at the south end of this track may be seen hundreds of tons of as good a coal as can be found anywhere in this rich mineral province.

The Company has now thirty men working on the property about half a mile back of Coleman. The number will increase as the weeks go by, so that by the end of August next the company should have one hundred and fifty men employed.

The company is now working on No. 2 seam which averages twelve feet in thickness and is four miles in length. The miners are driving a slope and have already gone in a distance of one hundred feet. The coal mined so far, is absolutely clean and free of any rock.

The company will have a plant equal to any found in any of the great coal mining centers of the world. A steel pipe has already been ordered and all contracts for machinery will be closed this week. The construction of sidings, haulage road, power house, machine shop, fan and others will be started within three weeks. The pipe will be erected immediately west of Slav Town.

J. F. Povah, the general manager of this company, feels confident that by the last of October next his company will be shipping between 300 and 400 tons of coal daily, and in twelve months hence his company will be shipping 1,000 tons daily. The good that the opening up of this vast coal area will do Coleman cannot be imagined, and as unknown success has attended the opening up of the International Coal & Coke Company's property in this town so do we hope that immeasurable success will attend the McGillivray Creek Coal & Coke Co., Limited.

OBITUARY

Frank, the seventeen year-old son of John Hoffman died of diphtheria at his home, at Coleman, at 7.30 o'clock, on Wednesday morning last. The deceased was sick only two days and his early death surprised many. He was buried at the Roman Catholic cemetery on Wednesday afternoon. Undertaker Davies prepared the deceased for burial.

factured by the Dominion Radiator Co., of Toronto, will be installed for heating the entire building. The plumbers will also install six closets, a septic tank, basins and hot and cold water pipes in the lavatories. The plumbing will be done under the supervision of F. Cote, head plumber for the Coleman Hardware.

The building will have two stories. There will be three classrooms on each floor, besides a teachers' room, cloak rooms etc.

COLEMAN JOTTINGS

Happenings of Interest in and Around This Bustling Town. You Are Talked About

We shall thank our readers for all items of interest which they may be able to furnish for publication. Phone 94-A. P.O. Box 73

H. A. Parks was at Bellevue on Sunday.

W. G. Wilson went to Michel on Monday.

Robert Ellis was up from Macleod last week.

A. Mutz, of Fernie, was in town on Friday last.

R. P. Williams, of Rossland, was in town last week.

H. K. Whimster was down from Fernie last week.

J. E. Upton came up from Pincher Creek on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Burrows were up from Hillcrest on Friday last.

Mrs. C. P. Hill and Miss MacLean of Hillcrest were in town on Saturday.

J. W. Bennett, the I. C. S. man, was doing business in town last week.

Mrs. Miller and four children, of Pincher Creek, came to Coleman on Tuesday.

C. Emerson, superintendent of the Bellevue mines, was in town on Saturday last.

J. E. Wright formerly of Quimette & Wright, came down from Michel on Friday last.

W. C. Greene and wife of the Bellevue mines, were in town on Friday last and are now residing here.

The gentlemen of Blairmore gave a very interesting dance in the opera house here on Friday evening last.

Miss McIntyre came down from Fernie on Thursday last week on a visit to friends. She returned to Fernie this week.

There was no big celebration in town yesterday, it being altogether different from what we have had other years. The strike was the cause.

Arthur Jacobs, who was formerly employed as engineer for the I. C. & C. Co., returned to town last week after visiting Seattle, Victoria, Prince Rupert and other places on the Pacific coast.

Coleman lodge of Independent Order of Odd Fellows held their decoration service on Sunday afternoon last. They met in their hall about 3 p.m. and at 3.30 paraded to the cemetery where they decorated the graves of the departed brethren.

ILLUSTRATED EDITION

At the earnest request of the Coleman school board and the town council we have decided not to issue our illustrated edition until after the completion of the big school house and fire hall. This will enable us to show those two buildings in that number. But for this, our illustrated edition would appear next week. However, it will be only the matter of about eight weeks before the two buildings are completed, and then this illustrated number will appear.

WEDDING BELLS

A pretty wedding took place at the Butte ranch, on Sunday, when Gerald C. Cooke was united in marriage to Miss Nettie Mills both of Blairmore. The young couple are well known throughout the Pass and their many friends wish them a happy and successful journey through life. The Miners join in congratulations.

"PEACE, PERFECT PEACE"

The Strike is Over--After Three Months of Idleness, The Miners Resume Work

There were many joyful people in this and other towns along the Pass on Friday last when it became known that work at the mines would resume about the 1st of July. The first information was given out about 8 a. m. on Friday, and all during that day this matter, which has been uppermost in the people's minds in this district for the last three months, was gladly talked about.

Everybody, from the tiny school boy to the big coal mining magnates, was glad of a probable settlement of a three months strike which has paralyzed general business in this and many other towns.

A few, however, doubted the accuracy of this report until the arrival of the mail from the west on Saturday night, which brought the District Ledger, the official organ of district 18, of United Mine Workers of America, containing a front page story, headed "Have Come to an agreement," led the doubting ones to doubt no more. It corroborated the report that the strike was at an end.

It appears that this was the result of a conference between President Powell and Secretary-treasurer Carter of district 18, of the U. M. W. of A. and President Stockett and H. N. Galer, of the Western Coal Operators' association, which took place at Fernie on Tuesday of last week.

But very little has been gained by either party. There will be no reduction at Bellevue or Coleman as was suggested.

The several local unions by an almost unanimous vote have declared themselves agreeable with the agreement which is very much the same as the old one. This has been accepted by the Western Coal Operators' association. The miners will resume work at the mines, less late evening and today many of the miners are back at their old jobs at the mines.

J. W. POWELL'S BEAR HUNT.

J. W. Powell, Supt., and mine manager of the I. C. & C. Co., and the noted hunter and fisherman, having heard the rumor that there had been several bears seen back in some of the lone peaks of the Rockies about fourteen miles north of Coleman decided to take three or four days off and try his luck and see if he could catch Mr. Bruin in his lair. He started out several days ago taking with him several guides who were well acquainted with this part of the country. They took with them enough rations to last a week, which consisted of all kinds of dainties, such as canned tomatoes, canned beef, beans and hard tack which would not sour. The first night in the woods they were caught in an awful rain storm which passed through this part of the country, but in true hunters style and with true hunters grit, they all took their post on the edge of a thicket and anxiously waited for Mr. Bruin to emerge from the dripping brush to seek shelter in the other side where there was some large timber to give them shelter. They stood at their post until darkness came upon them. They then went into the woods and built a shelter to protect them from the rain, from the bark off some large trees. After partaking of a good supply of the necessities, they laid down in a slumberland, perchance to dream of grizzly and black bears.

The peaceful sleep was only aroused when a spark from the fire at their feet lit on the forehead of one of the party, who immediately jumped to his feet took a somersault and realizing what was the cause reposed again in sleep. Early the next morning they started out upon their hunt again which was a success without an equal, in this section. At 6 a. m. he ran across two full grown Lynx, bringing his trusty to his shoulder he immediately killed one the other jumped into the thicket before he could fire a second shot.

At 1 p. m. while hunting through a densely wooded section the mine manager's ear caught the sound of the cracking and the breaking of small dry timber which he knew was caused by Mr. Bruin approaching through the brush in his direction. He waited in patience, thumb on the trig-

Shall We Meet Them? B. C. Will Construct Wagon Road

Fernie, June 30.--A. Cummings, L. D. S., has instructions from the provincial government to begin at once the survey and location of the proposed provincial wagon road through the Crow's Nest Pass to the boundary between British Columbia and Alberta.

Some four or five miles of the route extending from Morrissey towards Fernie, has already been located.

This work, long contemplated, has been hastened by the building of the pole lines of the Kootenay Telephone Co.

This company is now pushing its lines to make connection with the Alberta system at the boundary line and the provincial authorities are endeavoring to aid the enterprise as much as possible by establishing the road line in order that the telephone people can follow it with their poles. The material is conveniently distributed all along the route for the building of a first class roadway from Cranbrook through Fernie to the summit, where it will connect with the excellent roads of our sister province to the east.

Why should not the people of these two provinces be able to exchange calls by automobiles, and to be able to drive their fine horses over a road which, if properly constructed, will make one of the finest driveways on the American continent?

The people of Fernie feel sure that the Pass people will lend a hand to assist in urging the importance of this great highway upon the powers that be.

MICHEL WINS BOTH GAMES

There were two ball games--baseball and football--played here on Saturday afternoon last, between Michel teams and Coleman teams but our players were defeated in both games.

The baseball, which was played in the afternoon, was a game, it being too dark to play in the evening. Michel scored 21 goals and Coleman 7.

The football game started about 5 p.m. This proved to be a more interesting game. In the first half Wm. Fraser had his right leg broken below the knee and was therefore unable to finish the game. This left Coleman with only ten men.

In the first half Michel scored 2 goals and in the second half Coleman scored their only one, so the game went 2-1 in favor of Michel. Although the ball was at the Michel end of the field nearly the whole time during the game and although good chances for our boys to score were often presented, luck went against them. The Michel goalkeeper did good work.

ger of his rifle, and was soon awarded by seeing a large full grown bear at a distance of less than twenty-five yards from him. He immediately fired and brought his game to a standstill taking deliberate aim Mr. Powell again fired the fatal shot, Mr. Bruin stood on his hind feet a second and giving aloud grunt fell over dead.

Having enough game to pack home this concluded the hunt. Mr. Powell immediately skinned the bear whose fur was in excellent condition and leaving the head on for mounting, proceeded with both paws for home, arriving here on the morning of the second day after leaving. We measured the bear and found it to be 6 feet 8 inches from tip to tip. Mr. Powell is to be congratulated on his successful trip, but luck seems to follow J. W. P. in all his undertakings.

FRANK NOTES

At last we are going in for good roads in Frank. Hurray! Jack Miller has two teams on grade.

The city council of Frank have stirred the natives up as regards their yards being kept clean. This is a good job.

Mr. and Mrs. Lang and family have gone to the coast for a short time. Mr. Burnett is looking after A. V.'s interests while the latter is away.

Oats! Oats! Oats!!!

Oats For Sale. Apply to M. G. GORDIN, Lundbreck, Alta.

41 Meat Market

Limited

Head Office:

Pincher Creek, Alberta

Markets in--

PINCHER CREEK Alberta

BELLEVUE.

FRANK,

BLAIRMORE,

COLEMAN.

and MICHEL, British Columbia

Choice Meats

and prompt delivery is our guarantee

Mrs. J. McAlpine

Proprietress of The

**PACIFIC
HOTEL**

Wishes to thank those Merchants, especially Mr. D. F. Hughes, of Crows Nest, B. C., who have been so kind to her during the strike. She also desires to thank the many people who have patronized her hotel and hopes that they will continue to come and that they will bring others.

Hotel Coleman

MUTZ & McNEIL, Proprietors

Rates, \$2 to \$2.50 Daily
Special Rates Given by the Month

Grand Union Hotel

ADAM PATERSON, Manager

Liquors imported direct from Europe

and guaranteed

Sparkling Wines

Scotch Whiskey

Brandy

Gin

Ports

Cherry

Special attention to working men

\$1 50 Per Day

T. W. DaviesCarpenter and Builder of
Coleman

Wishes to thank his many friends for their kind patronage in the past and also wishes to inform the residents of Coleman and Blairmore that he has been induced to put in a stock of Caskets and will in future be prepared to undertake all arrangements for Funerals

FIRE AT FERNIE

Much excitement prevailed at Fernie the early part of this week when a fire in the park grounds got almost unmanageable, and many feared that another devastation like that of Aug. 1st, 1908 was coming down upon them. After a long and hard fight, the firemen put the fire out.

SPORTS IN BRIEF

Mr. Dean won the 10 mile race at Pincher Creek yesterday. Time 1:12. Blairmore defeated the Coleman tennis players at the latter place yesterday by a score of 7 to 2.

The Blairmore team defeated the Michel and Hosmer baseball teams at Michel, yesterday and was awarded \$75.

In the 5-8 race at Claresholm, yesterday, Rose Alta of Blairmore lost to Irish Lad in close finish and fast time of 1:03.

New Westminster retains the Minto cup by defeating the Tecumseh by 2 goals in first game and 1 goal in the second game.

Greasy Pete won the Derby at Claresholm on the 1st, in a close finish. Londoff won second and Royal George was third. Distance 1.1-16 mile. Time, 1:55.

The baseball tournament played at Fernie yesterday, (July 1st) resulted in Fernie scoring 18 goals against Waldo's 3 and Elko scoring 7 goals against Waldo's 5. A prize of \$100 was awarded to the Fernie baseball team and \$50 to the Elko team.

In a twenty mile race at Toronto, on Saturday last, between Alfred Shrub and Tom Longboat, Shrub dropped out at 15 miles. Longboat finished alone in two hours, two min. and two sec. Shrub's failure to continue was due to his right leg giving out. He was leading by three-quarters of a lap when forced to quit.

Additional Coleman Locals

Miss McNab has gone home to Lethbridge for the holidays.

Alex Cameron took the sports at Pincher Creek on the 1st.

Edward Kiely spent Dominion day with friends at Pincher Creek.

Alex. Derbyshire arrived from Michel on Tuesday and will reside here.

Corporal Goodridge, will soon leave Coleman and return to his old headquarters.

A. G. Trelle, proprietor of the Pacific building, came down from Edmonton today.

Miss J. Close is spending her holidays with friends at Seattle and Vancouver, Wash.

T. W. Davies, the undertaker, has in stock many beautiful caskets. He also does embalming.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Buckman went to Fernie yesterday returning by passenger same evening.

Mrs. J. W. Saddler arrived from Indian Head on Wednesday morning. She will reside here in future.

Valentine Allingham, of the Okotoks Advance, has accepted a position on The Miner staff and arrived here on Wednesday.

Mrs. (Rev.) T. M. Murray returned to town on Wednesday after spending several days with friends at Bellevue, Lille and Frank.

Mrs. W. Dunlop, who has been spending the last three weeks in town as the guest of Mrs. McAlpine, left for Claresholm on Wednesday.

Many sidewalks and street crossings are being put down in town by the town council, International Coal & Coke Co. and individual property owners.

C. H. Henderson, who is organizer for the Western Real Estate Exchange and who is touring the west, spent Tuesday and Wednesday in town as the guest of D. A. Simpson.

L. Henderson, wife and son, Robert Sherwood and wife, H. A. Parks, T. B. Brandon and J. D. S. Barrett, spent the 1st of July at Fernie, returning early Friday morning on the flyer.

W. L. Bridgeford vacated the Graham block on Wednesday and moved to the Choy block near the opera house. See Mr. Bridgeford's big ad. in this week's issue of the MINER.

Mrs. E. Disney and family came to Coleman from Grand Forks on Tuesday evening. They will make this town their future home. We welcome them to our town and wish them many happy days in their new and handsome dwelling house which has just been finished and which is the most attractive one in this town.

The two entertainments which were given by the Coleman baseball club in the opera house here last week, was a huge success. W. Fooley's handiwork tricks were very interesting and it was enough to puzzle our R. N. W. M. police. Wm. Machin's step dancing brought down the house. The programmes were good throughout, for which the boys deserve praise.

Happenings at Blairmore

In Blairmore it is Dan White for painting.

Building is going ahead steadily and our village is fast coming to the top.

A. M. Acheson, A. McLeod and H. E. Lyon left for Claresholm, Wednesday, to attend the big race meet.

The best record made at the Pollack brick works in one day was 21,000. Nothing slow about that.

The large smoke stacks at the cement works have been raised and the work of construction is going ahead nicely.

The West Canadian are making good headway with development work at their mine here. 110 tons were loaded one day this week.

Miss Ross, junior teacher in our public school leaves for her home in Nova Scotia, on Wednesday. Miss Ross' successor has not yet been appointed. Every one is sorry to see Miss Ross leave as she has given entire satisfaction to all.

One of the most interesting games of baseball of the season was played Tuesday evening between the married and singles. The grey hairs led by double the score until the last innings when a few "flakes" allowed the young fellows to even up the score. Another game will be played Friday evening. Both sides are confident of victory.

Dan Drain has just had the interior of his hotel nicely painted by Dan White.

Dan White of Blairmore has the contract for painting the exterior and interior of the fifteen new cottages, which are being built at Bellevue, for the West Canadian Collieries.

Arthur C. Kemmis

Barrister

Notary Public

Solicitor for the Union Bank of Canada

Hunter Block

Pincher Creek - - Alberta

Company and Private Funds to Loan

The Bellevue Orchestra

Open to engage for Balls, Dances, Concerts, Banquets, etc. Any size orchestra supplied. For terms apply

W. H. CHAPPELL,
Secretary, Bellevue.

**CANADIAN
PACIFIC****Excursion Rates**

From Coleman to

New Westminster

Bellingham

Vancouver

Victoria

Everett

Seattle

\$27.90

Corresponding Rates from other points. Tickets on sale daily, May 29th to Oct. 14th. Final return limit 60 days, but not later than Oct. 31st. Liberal stop-overs allowed. For further information apply to Agents, or write

J. E. PROCTOR,
D. P. A., Calgary

New Jewelry Store .**J. B. Carlson**

has opened up a Jewelry Store at

Pincher City, Alberta

and is prepared to
do all kinds of repairing
on short notice.

All work guaranteed. A trial
is all I ask. Prices reasonable

J. B. Carlson

Pincher City - Alberta

Town Lots

Houses and Lots for Sale

in the cleanest and best town in
The Crow's Nest Pass

High Grade Steam and Coking Coal

We manufacture The Finest Coke on the continent

Correspondence solicited at the

Head office, Coleman

International Coal & Coke Co.

Limited

High-Class Work

If it is a high-class job you
want than send it to the
Job Department of the
Coleman Miner where it
will be promptly executed.

• Advertise

In this Paper it is largely circulated all over the District. Read by over 4,000 people

W. L. Bridgeford's

A New Discovery

Coleman's residents have recently discovered a veritable oasis on Main St., just one door West of the Opera house, and named by weary travellers and heated pedestrians,

• “The Palm,”

• Noted for-

Ice Cream,

Sundaes,

Soft drinks,

Candies,

and Lunches,

Prices reasonable.

Courteous treatment.

Trade at the Store
that serves you best.
That is here.

Morgan's

Greater Stock with
greater values than
ever

PINCHER CITY, ALBERTA

COMMENCING Monday, January 11th, we will offer the following prices on seasonable goods. We are overstocked on some lines and will give our customers a price unequalled in the district. We say unequalled because we know they are lower than the prices quoted at any sweeping reduction or clearing out sale.

Gents' Furnishings

A complete stock which includes all the new things

Your Winter Suit

We have in stock 60 Suits in Tweeds of excellent designs at prices ranging from \$7 00 to \$10 00



Broadway Suits

In Scotch Tweeds, West of England Worsted, and Serges at prices that will fit your pocket book. Prices from \$12 00 to \$22 00

Overcoats

Boys' Overcoats at \$4 50 and \$5 00
Men's Overcoats at \$9 00 to \$15 00

SHEEP LINED COATS

English Corduroy, lined to bottom; wombat collar, knitted wrist, leather tipped throughout \$8.50
Same in khaki duck 7.25
Duck Coats, regular price \$7.50, now 5.50

FELT SHOES

Men's Elmira all felt, sizes 6-11 \$1.05
Women's " " " " 3-7 1.55
Misses' " " " " 11-2 1.15
Childs' " " " " 8-10 tipped 1.00
Infants' " " " " 4-7 tipped .90

BOYS' UNDERWEAR

In sizes 24 to 32 at 75 cents per suit

SLIPPERS

Men's and Women's Felt and Felt Lined Slippers. Ladies, your choice of all kinds at 65 cents. Men's, all kinds, your choice, \$1.00

CAPS

All winter caps regardless of value at 50 cents

RIDING BOOTS

McCready's Riding Boots \$5.00
Surveyor's Tan Boots 5.00

HEAVY RUBBERS

We are overstocked in Men's and Boys' one and two buckle Heavy Rubbers, which will be sold at cost.

Some may sell cheaper grades at a less price, but none will equal the above prices for a similar article, special sale or otherwise.

R. W. Morgan & Co.

PINCHER CITY - ALBERTA

In the Rose Garden.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

Copyright, 1903, by Associated Literary Press.

It was on the third night of the new month that Beverly Alden, musing on his serenity in the darkness of his study, beheld from the window something white moving in his garden.

As the Rev. Beverly's garden was a vegetable garden, he thought fearfully of something sinfully tramping on his succulent salads, and he rose hastily. Standing just behind the window shutter, he decided, however, that a horse would be shorter, a dog taller, and he did not believe in ghosts.

He went into the hall, took his hat from the rack and stepped softly over the threshold.

As his footstep sounded on the gravel of the path the white object moved from the middle of the garden and fled. He heard the click of the gate and then silence.

"Hum!" mused the Rev. Beverly and bent over his lettuce bed. "A thief," he said as he straightened up. The next morning a fuller investigation showed that there had been depredations of onions and radishes. But the minister said nothing to his housekeeper. Common sense would not come into white, nor were they of slender outline and graceful.

The Rev. Beverly had no unusual powers of penetration, but it had not taken him many moments to decide that the spoiler of his garden was a woman.

"But why?" he debated the next night as he finished his sermon—"why should a woman steal a lady, I am sure, by the grace of her carriage—why should she steal my little onions and my wisdom?"

But all the wisdom of the Scriptures did not answer his question. And after his sermon was finished he again turned out his light and sat in the darkness of his study.

And again, as he mused, he saw a patch of white at the end of the garden. Breathless he watched, and closer and closer came the ghostly figure until it stood just beneath his window.

Then a voice said, "I have come to pay you for the vegetables."

"Oh!" His usual readiness of speech had forsaken the clergyman. "Oh, I beg your pardon."

"No, you needn't beg it," the voice said again. "I picked some lettuce and things last night, and here is the money. It wasn't a very conventional way to go to market, but we wanted a salad, and—"

The Rev. Beverly, peering over the sill, caught the sparkle in her eyes as she made her half apology.

"You needed your salad late," he said dryly.

"Ah!" her little laugh rippled out—"think of my predicament! Some people came from the city hungry, and there was nothing in the house but eggs. You know, I'm a new housekeeper—we came only yesterday—and Susanne, my maid, forgot to tell me when things are out, and the shops are so far away—so, while she made an omelet I drew in my garden—and—few back and no one was the wiser."

"I saw you," the Rev. Beverly informed her, "and I thought you were a thief!"

"Oh!" There was a little gasp. "It did look like it, didn't it? But, you see, I have brought the money." And the silver glittered on the sill as she spread it out before him.

"No," the Rev. Beverly protested; "you are perfectly welcome to anything you care to take."

"Oh, but you must!"—there was a note of alarm in her voice—"because I should feel as if I had stolen if I am not allowed to pay."

He was smiling down at her. "You can pay me by giving me a rose from your garden," he said.

"Why don't you have roses of your own?" she demanded.

"He sighed. "I hardly dare allow myself the luxury. It is cheaper to raise one's vegetables than to buy them, and a clergyman in a small town has to think of expenses."

"I suppose," doubtfully, "that your salary is not large?"

"No, but there are donations." His eyes twinkled.

"Such as roses?" She was laughing up at him. The moonlight touched her hair with gold. The pulses of the Rev. Beverly began to beat.

"May I come over some time and walk with you in your rose garden?" he asked.

"Come now," was the quick response.

He went, and it was the beginning of friendship.

"He is lovely," Constance confided to her aunt, who had come up to her niece's colonial mansion for the purpose of chapters. "And he's here in this little town because he feels that he is needed more than in a city charge where he could get much more money."

"Constance," her aunt warned, "don't get romantic over a country parson."

"He has the dearest little cottage," Constance mused, "with a vegetable garden. He sends over tomatoes and parsley, and I put roses in his button-hole. It's very interesting," she sighed. "It may be tragic for him."

"Why?"

"If you make him love you—what then?"

"Well!" Constance's tone was defiant. "I can't marry any man but Mr. Warren Olmsted."

"Constance's eyes flashed. "I can

too! If I don't marry Warren, I merely lose my inheritance. I don't deny that I love this old house. Aunt Anne But did it ever occur to you that I might prefer a man to a fortune?"

"You would miss the fortune," was the quiet answer. "You were not made for love in a cottage, Constance."

But Constance was down the path. She bent over a pink rose bush and picked a bud just as the Rev. Beverly Alden came in.

"Roses red and violets blue," she quoted. "Can you tell me the rest of it?"

"If you love me as I love you," He hesitated. "You mustn't make me say such things."

"Why not?"

"Because I have nothing to offer you but a cottage and a vegetable garden."

He was looking down at her with somber eyes.

"And if I don't marry you Warren Olmsted," she informed him, "I lose my fortune. And I won't marry him, so I am really homeless—and—please, I'd like to come and live in your cottage."

Aunt Anne's chagrin over the engagement found an outlet in a letter to Warren Olmsted. "Come up and rescue Constance from her country parson," was the theme.

But when Warren's answer came it was a revelation.

"You will miss," Aunt Anne ejaculated when she had read it.

"What's the matter?" Constance asked.

"Read that," said Aunt Anne tragically.

It was a brief epistle, but it was very extraordinary, no doubt, for Constance danced with joy and waved the letter, crying "Hurrah!"

"What's the matter?" Aunt Anne ejaculated again.

Constance caught her breath quickly. "You mustn't tell Beverly," she said.

"Why not?"

"He won't marry," Constance said mysteriously. "If he knows it."

So they were married quietly and unceremoniously. The wedding was held in the cottage, and Aunt Anne went home, and the big colonial house was closed, and the winter came, and the roses were wrapped in winding sheets of straw.

"The house is mine," Warren wrote to her. "I love you more than I love my money. I married first and forfeited my right—and I didn't want to tell you because you hated to have me rich. But don't you think it will be nice—for Beverly junior to—to play in the rose garden, dearest?"

Love's Language.

It was the morning of the farmhouse, uncertain day on which the bonds were to be made fast, where a tiny path yet leads back, when each tries to peer into the future and wonders and doubts and hesitates.

They were alone, and she drew near him, aware and watchful.

"Harold, dearest, in a few hours it will all be over. Can you grasp it all? But did you dream of me last night?"

"Yes, ownest. I saw you as a black, marvelous sun, drifting placidly all alone on a sea of blue, with here and there a fat, floating leaf, and then a little, joyous swan, too, began to float out to you. And my soul took to you, and I thrilled all over as you swung superbly around, and I wished to be a poet, with a living, passionate pen, and I wished myself an earth god, and that a raging wind would sweep down upon you that I might seize you in my arms and defy the storm god. And I could smell sweet incense and hear the tinkling of tinkling bells and could feel the delirium of a burning heart, and again I wished to be a poet that I might sing."

"But, Harold, do you really love me?"

He paused, breathed deep and poured out his soul. "Yes, dearest, I think you are it."

And then she held up her vibrant lips, content, satisfied—Puck.

Soliloquy of the Engagement Ring.

I am considered a brilliant success in literature, though many people accuse me of plagiarism, the popular criticism of my work being "that old, old story."

It is a pity I am no bright, however, considering the conversations I have to listen to every evening. Last night I was married sixty-five times, "I love you, so dear," and sixty-five times she replied, "Do you, dear?"

He tells them all "I love you as man never loved before." Not clever to find so many new ways of doing the same old story.

Personally I can see no difference in his methods myself.

They held on to me with both hands last evening, but I insisted upon cutting them.

The man and I can always get around a pretty girl.

The man owns all his happiness to me. Only through my influence is he able to hold her hands in his and taste the sweetness of her lips, yet already has he forgotten me in his longing for a wedding ring.

Men are so ungrateful, but I will bide my time. Methinks I will soon be avenged.

I am the "best seller" on the market.—Puck.

ROTHENBURG.

An Ancient City That Is Still Stately and Fascinating.

For a thousand years Rothenburg has been a city. For more than 500 years it was a free city of the empire, and it has not lost its ancient towns which, through centuries of strife, preserved their entity through being huddled near the base of some castle. It is not like those towns that were protected by powerful princes, for it has maintained itself by its own unaided resources. If great barons came to Rothenburg they came to receive protection, not to give it, or else they came to be entertained with the Jewish open handedness that made the city a place to which emperors themselves found pleasure in resorting.

By crusaders and pilgrims Rothenburg was held in affectionate regard, not only for its generous hospitality, but because, seen from the river, it bore a striking resemblance to Jerusalem. But there was order in those times of turbulence, and in an old, old house used by Palestine's pilgrims and still known as Pilgrims' House there is an ancient stone, bearing upon it the ancient carving of a hand and a hatchet, with the ominous inscription, "He who quarrels in this house shall have his hand cut off."

Yet since the days the town has been comparatively forgotten. Even yet it has not become a haunt of the tourist and the traveler, although each year a few visitors resort there, bringing back tales of this city that out-Nurnbergs Nurnberg. It is a place where the sightseer cannot go wrong, for everywhere is fascination. There are both statelyness and beauty. There are towering houses with crisscrossed fronts.

There are deep dungeons under the Rathaus, reached by stairways dripping with moisture, into which not a ray of light can enter, and one of these dungeons some five centuries ago the men of Rothenburg placed the burgomaster who, more than any other in the long burgomasterial line, gave to the city power and wealth and prosperity. But they charged him with conspiring with the emperor and not only gave him no light, but edged their animosity by deliberately giving him no food. It was a story of a dramatic story, for friends who were still faithful tunneled to the cell and madly out through its prodigious wall and reached the prisoner, but only to find him dead.

Nowadays they treat unpopular burgomasters with more consideration. Even the burgomaster of three years ago, and at the end of that time he is either elected for life or given place to a successor, but an election for life does not give unchecked power, for it is a simple matter with these townfolk, if they feel that a man is unworthy, to elect him "so crazy with vexation," as it was expressed to me, that he is glad to leave the town, and they are so patently of the opinion.

Only recently they thus got rid of one—Robert Shackleton in Harper's Magazine.

The Wise Goose.

You must not say "as silly as a goose," for more or less naturalists have been studying this animal of late years, and they have come to the conclusion that she is the wisest old bird in the world.

She never quarrels without cause; she sees danger before any other bird; she is longer lived than the rooster; she is far braver than the gobbler; and, in a fair show, she can beat off the fox.

A flock of geese squatted around the barnyard at night is a much greater protection than the watch-dog. They can sleep soundly, and give the alarm the instant they see a stranger moving about.

So in future say "as wise as a goose" and give her all credit—Montreal Standard.

The Irrespressible Loss.

"What has happened?" asked the patient when he had recovered from the effects of the ether.

"You were in a trolley car accident," said the nurse, "and it has been found necessary to amputate your right hand."

"He sank back on the pillow, sobbing aloud.

"Cheer up," said the nurse, patting him on the head; "you'll soon learn to do along all right with your left hand."

"Oh, it wasn't the loss of the hand itself that I was thinking of," sighed the victim. "But on the forefinger was a string that my wife tied around it to remind me to get something for her this morning, and now I'll never be able to remember what it was."

Corrected.

Inspector of Village School (questioning class)—Now, my boy, what is an island? Pupil (dejectedly)—I dunno, sir. Inspector—Well, for instance, could I ride from here to France? Pupil (brightening up)—No, sir, for you couldn't, for farther say yer on lookin' at the map an' see it how he's a shillin' yer couldn't ride a mule without a wabbitin' off.—London Spare Moments.

The Chafing Dish.

"Do you know how to use a chafing dish?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Sirus Barker. "I have some novel ideas on the subject."

"What are they?"

"The best way I know of to use a chafing dish is to punch a hole in the bottom, and to paint it green and plant flowers in it."

Persuasive.

"Could you tell me where I can get a drink at this time of night?"

"I can't, sir," says the police officer rebukingly.

The belated individual goes on his way, but at the next corner he has a doctor to be sent to the jail, a police officer and inquires confidentially:

"Could you tell me where we can get a drink at this time of night?"

BOWSER FEELING BAD

Returns Home Full of Fear and Takes to His Bed.

MRS. BOWSER HIS CONSOLER.

Prepares for the Worst, but the Situation is Changed by the Family Doctor's Diagnosis—Resumes Old Individuality.

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WHEN the Bowsers sat down to breakfast the other morning Mrs. Bowser found herself without any appetite, and though she tried her best to conceal the fact, Mr. Bowser soon took notice and said:

"No appetite, eh? Well, when I heard that you had been slogging about in the rain yesterday I made up my mind that you would pay for it."

"But I didn't get my feet wet," she protested.

"Of course you wouldn't own up to it. No appetite this morning, and you look as if you hadn't a week to live. I've talked and talked, but what good has it done?"

"I haven't a little headache, but it will be gone by noon."

"Gone nothing. I shall come home to find you in a raging fever and the doctor and a trained nurse here. Even if you live through it you will make me \$200 cost."

"Any one is liable to have a headache now and then."

"Headache! Headache! Women, this is going to be a very serious matter."

"But you regretted them at once, and so there is nothing to forgive."

"Mrs. Bowser," he persisted with warning, "if I was to live my life over again I'd be a better husband to you. Yes, I would. I wouldn't be a bulldozer and threaten divorce and all that. I wish I could live on, just to show you how good I could be."

He was petted and soothed and quivered for ten minutes and had almost fallen into a doze when he suddenly sat up and exclaimed:

"There! the cock! I had forgotten about her!"

"Well, what of the cock?"

"I want to take her hand before I die and beg her pardon for my fault with her cooking. Call her up right away."

"But she's gone out this evening for an hour or two."

"I'll wait for your mother! If you can't reach her on the phone you must telegraph. I have been a bad, bad man to her. I want forgiveness. Do you think she will forgive me for calling her an old cat and a frump?"

"Yes, I think so. Mother is a very tender hearted woman, and I think she will forgive you on your grave. Don't worry about mother. I'll see that she is here in time."

Resumes Old Way.

"And then there's the butcher and grocer and druggist, have raised rows with them a hundred times over. I don't want to die and have them saying they are glad old Bowser is dead."

"They shall be sent for in time."

How many other things Mr. Bowser would have brought up before despairing his last cannot be told, as the door bell rang and Mrs. Bowser admitted the family doctor. She may have given him the wink as she said, "You or she may not. Be that as it may, be advanced to Mr. Bowser, felt of his pulse and looked at his tongue and then said:

"Come, Bowser, get out of this."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't play the booby. Nothing else that a dose of physic won't cure."

"And I'm not going to die?"

"Die your grandmother! You are able to go downstairs and shovel over a ton of coal this very minute."

One would have thought, in consideration of his narrow escape from the grave, that Mr. Bowser would have remained humble for at least half an hour, but he didn't. No sooner had the door closed on the doctor than he rose up and said:

"Now, Mrs. Bowser, you can see the difference between a resolute man and a wussy pummy woman. You would give half an hour ago, while I am feeling as well as I ever did in my life. Be mighty careful how you upset this house again!" M. QUAD.

Stranded.

"Do you think I'm going to die?"

"I can't say as to that, but I shall prepare myself for the worst. Of course you can't expect me to pity from me. Any man that will waste around in slush and water—"

"Don't want to die!" he interrupted.

"No! I don't want to die and leave you and all else. I'm not an old man yet, and we can take a lot of comfort."

"Well, it may be nothing more than a very serious case of typhoid fever. But of course we shall have to have a trained nurse and the doctor coming three times a day."

"Did you get your feet wet yesterday?" she asked as she chafed his hands with alcohol.

"I—I guess I did."

"Not a doubt of it. I've talked, but what good has it done? You must have waded in slush and water up to your neck."

Comforts Sick One.

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ed brandy, then to be propped up, then to be lowered again. Then he asked Mrs. Bowser to look at the whites of his eyes and report:

"You may pull through," she said in doubtful tones.

"That's nothing to some other doctor—nurses from some hospital. Tell them to send two of them—three of them. Get two—Mrs. Bowser—Samuel Bowser. Tell them that I must be saved. I don't care if it costs a million dollars!"

Mrs. Bowser didn't telephone to any doctor and nurses. She simply pretended to. She was using Mr. Bowser for the family doctor. She got him tea and toast, and though he protested his weakness and want of appetite he nibbled and sipped. He felt better afterward, but he didn't admit it. On the contrary, after fetching a long drawn groan he whispered:

"Why did this come to me, Mrs. Bowser—why come to me instead of another? Why am I singled out for a victim?"

"Because you waded in slush and water yesterday."

"But I—I— Say, Mrs. Bowser, make those doctors understand that this is a case of life or death and that they can be sued for damages for delay."

Then he sighed. Then he groaned. Then he asked if typhoid patients didn't lose all the hair on their head, and when Mrs. Bowser reminded him that he hadn't any to lose he was not a bit comforted.

While waiting for three doctors and two nurses and other things Mr. Bowser—prey for the worst. For five or ten minutes he reviewed his past life and then said to Mrs. Bowser:

"I—I am sorry I spoke to you as I did this morning."

"That is all right. I knew you didn't mean what you said."

"But I have said other mean things to you—hundreds of other mean things."

"But you regretted them at once, and so there is nothing to forgive."

"Mrs. Bowser," he persisted with warning, "if I was to live my life over again I'd be a better husband to you. Yes, I would. I wouldn't be a bulldozer and threaten divorce and all that. I wish I could live on, just to show you how good I could be."

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A NEW LINE OF TALK.

Unexpected Experience of a Drummer in a Car With a Pretty Girl.

"Is this seat engaged?" he asked of the prettiest girl in the car. And, finding that it wasn't, he put his sump in the rack and braced himself for his enjoyment.

"Pleasant day," said the girl, coming for him before he could get his tongue unknicked. "Most bewitching day, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes; thanks," murmured the drummer.

"Glad of it," resumed the girl cheerfully. "You don't look so. Let me put my shawl under your head, won't you? Didn't you better sit next to the window and let me describe the landscape to you?"

"No, please," he murmured. "I am doing well enough."

"May I buy you some peanuts or a book? Let me do something to make the trip happy. Suppose I slip an arm around your waist. Just lean forward a trifle, please, so that I can."

"You'll—you'll have to excuse me," gasped the wretched drummer. "I don't think you really mean it."

"You look so tired," she pleaded. "Wouldn't you like to rest your head on my shoulder? No one will notice. Just lay your head right down and I'll tell you stories."

"No, thanks; I won't today. I am very comfortable," and the poor drummer looked round helplessly.

"Your scarf is coming out. Let me fix it! There, and she arranged it deftly. "At the next station I'll get you a cup of tea, and when we arrive at our destination you'll let me call on you!" And she smiled beseechingly right into his pallid countenance.

"I think I'll go and smoke," said the drummer as he heaved down his grip-sack and made a bolt for the door.—Puck.

Quite Polite.

They were slight acquaintances, and there was no love lost between them. "Well," said the first grande dame, "by hy, I must really be getting on. Our destination you'll let me call on you?" And she smiled beseechingly right into his pallid countenance.

"I think I'll go and smoke," said the drummer as he heaved down his grip-sack

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Blairmore Cafe

Blairmore

Is prepared to
serve First Class
Meals at all hours
on shortest notice.

Ice Cream, Fruit, and all
kinds of Cake for sale here

Notice to the Public

I take this opportunity of informing
the residents of the Pass that I am
prepared to collect accounts, rents,
etc. Anything in this line entrusted
to me will receive prompt attention.
Commissioner for taking affidavits.
House and checks to rent.
H. GATE, Coleman